NATURE
CALENDAR

ALL THE YEAR IN THE GARDEN

WHEN THE SEEDS SLEEP *Frontis.*

ALL THE YEAR IN THE GARDEN

A NATURE CALENDAR

EDITED BY

ESTHER MATSON

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.

PUBLISHERS

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PUBLISHED, SEPTEMBER, 1906

D. B. UPDIKE, THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON

FOREWORD

IN excuse for this little compilation I would rather say no word of my own, but point to that verse of Stevenson's which may be read on turning over a page or two.

In proof, however, of the kindness of certain publishers, I would linger a moment to express my thanks for courtesies extended by the firms who hold copyright in the following wise: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, for lines from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Burroughs, Helen Gray Cone, Margaret Deland, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Willian Dean Howells, Sarah Orne Jewett, Lucy Larcom, James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edith M. Thomas, Celia Thaxter, John T. Trowbridge, Adeline D. T. Whitney, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, John G. Whittier and Charles Dudley Warner; D. Appleton & Co., New York, for selections from William Cullen Bryant; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, for selections from Elaine Goodale Eastman and Sarah J. Day; Small, Maynard & Co., Cambridge, for lines from John B. Tabb's verse; Harper & Brothers, New York, for selections from Charles Algernon Swinburne; and Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, for selections from Austin Dobson.

I would also thank for their pleasant personal cour-

Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, Miss Sarah J. Day, Mrs. Margaret Deland and Mr. James Russell Hayes.

And now, if it be not too fanciful, I have a trust that as for the little verses themselves they will be nothing loath to come together in so fragrant a cause as that of praising gardens.

ESTHER MATSON

Brooklyn, April, 1906

ARGUMENT

Make you the tour of the world,—for me, I will make the tour of my Garden.

You will . . . describe to me some far-off country; I will delineate what my garden affords. The seasons as they pass away are climates which travel round the globe and come to seek me. . . . Your long voyages are nothing but fatiguing visits which you go to pay to the seasons that would themselves have come to you.

ALPHONSE KARR
Tour round my Garden

This was ever among the number of my wishes: a portion of ground not over large, in which was a garden . . . and a little woodland besides.

The gods have done more abundantly and better for me than this. . . . Here there is no one who reduces my possession with envious eye, nor poisons them with malice and biting slander; the neighbors smile at me removing clods and stones.

HORACE

ENVOY

GO, little book, and wish to all,
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Underwoods

I
JANUARY

JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

FIRSTLY thou, churl son of Janus,
Rough for cold, in drugget clad,
Com'st with rack and rheum to pain us,—
Firstly thou, churl son of Janus.
Caverned now is old Sylvanus;
Numb and chill are maid and lad.

AUSTIN DOBSON
Masque of the Months

JANUARY SECOND

Hail, January, that barest here
On snowbright breasts the babe-faced year
That weeps and trembles to be born.
Hail, maid and mother, strong and bright,
Hooded and cloaked and shod with white,
Whose eyes are stars that match the morn,
Thy forehead braves the storm's bent bow,
Thy feet enkindle stars of snow.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Year's Carols

JANUARY THIRD

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

WILLIAM COWPER
The Task

JANUARY FOURTH

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

. . . . . .

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him, night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz

JANUARY FIFTH

The gates ajar. If I might peep:
Ah, what a haunt of rest and sleep
The shadowy garden seems!

AUSTIN DOBSON
At the Convent Gate

JANUARY SIXTH

Here be shadows large and long;
Here be spaces meet for song;
Grant, O garden-god, that I—
Now that none profane is nigh,
Now that mood and moment please—
Find the fair Pierides.

AUSTIN DOBSON
A Garden Song

JANUARY SEVENTH

The country is more of a wilderness, more of a wild solitude, in the winter than in the summer. The wild comes out. The urban, the cultivated, is hidden or negatived. You shall hardly know a good

field from a poor, a meadow from a pasture, a park from a forest. Lines and boundaries are disregarded; gates and bar-ways are unclosed; man lets go his hold upon the earth; title-deeds are deep buried beneath the snow; the best-kept grounds relapse to a state of nature.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Year in the Fields

JANUARY EIGHTH

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives,
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
The Vision of Sir Launfal

JANUARY NINTH

For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies—
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.

JAMES THOMSON
Winter

JANUARY TENTH

I 've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year;
A handsome house to lodge a friend;
A river at my garden's end;

A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now, I have all this and more.

JONATHAN SWIFT
Imitation of Horace

JANUARY ELEVENTH

Give me, O indulgent Fate,
Give me yet, before I die,
A sweet but absolute retreat
'Mongst paths so lost, and trees so high,
That the world may ne'er invade
Through such windings and such shade,
My unshaken liberty.

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA
A Nocturnal Reverie

JANUARY TWELFTH

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great,
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighboring wood.
. . . . . .
A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.

JOHN POMFRET
The Choice

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Farewell, thou busy world and may
We never meet again;

. . . . . .

Good God, how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord, what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!

CHARLES COTTON
The Retirement

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

Every tree and branch incrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how various, how filling, how satiating to the eye and to the mind—above all, how melancholy.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD
Our Village

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Now is the time
To visit Nature in her grand attire.

JAMES GRAHAME
Sabbath

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

While Nature adorns eternity with ever-changing appearances, God remains actively employed in ceaselessly creating materials for the formation of other worlds.

IMMANUEL KANT
The Sense of the Beautiful

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

There are two books from which I collect my Divinity: beside the written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universal and publick manuscript, that lies expans'd unto the eyes of all; those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE
Religio Medici

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

But Winter has yet brighter scenes — he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
A Winter Piece

JANUARY NINETEENTH

Rosemary and Rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Winter's Tale

JANUARY TWENTIETH

St. Agnes' Eve, — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

JOHN KEATS
The Eve of St. Agnes

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

It seems idolatry with some excuse
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity.

WILLIAM COWPER
Yardley Oak

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Evangeline

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

There are never two works of equal beauty of any kind, just as there are never two moments of equal pleasure: seize the one you have, and make much of it, for such a moment will never return.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
Nature in the Louvre

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

All the batteries of life are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, — a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
A Good Word for Winter

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

See in the falling snow the old cooling and precipitation and the shooting, radiating forms that are the architects of planet and globe.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Year in the Fields

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death; yet snow is but the mask of the life-giving rain; it, too, is the friend of man — the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Year in the Fields

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

The mist still hovers round the distant hills;
But the blue sky above us has a clear
And pearly softness; not a white speck lies
Upon its breast; it is a crystal dome.
There is a quiet charm about this morn
Which sinks into the soul.

ANONYMOUS

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bow'r,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blooms wherewith your buds did flow'r;
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain;
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

EDMUND SPENSER
The Shepherd's Calendar

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine; the cedar proud and tall.

EDMUND SPENSER
The Faery Queen

JANUARY THIRTIETH

Ivy and privet, dark as night,
I wear with hips and haws a cheerful show,
And holly for a beauty and delight,
And milky mistletoe.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
The Months

The Evergreen stern winter's power derides,
Like Hope that in misfortune's storm abides.

SARAH J. HALE
The Floral Interpreter

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Beauty

II
FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY FIRST

WAN February with weeping cheer,
Whose cold hand guides the youngling year
Down misty roads of mire and rime,
Before thy pale and fitful face
The shrill wind shifts the clouds apace
Through skies the morning scarce may climb.
Thine eyes are thick with heavy tears,
But lit with hopes that light the years.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Year's Carols

FEBRUARY SECOND

Down with the rosemary and bayes,
Down with the mistletoe,
Instead of holly now upraise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
Let box now domineere
Until the dancing Easter-day,
Or Easter's eve appeare.

ROBERT HERRICK
Candlemas

FEBRUARY THIRD

In to thir dirk and drumlie dayis,
Whon sabill all the Hevin arrayis
With mystie vapouris, cluddis and skyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Of sangis, balattis, and of playis.
. . . . . .
Than Patience sayis; Be nocht agast;
Hald Hoip and Treuth within thee fast;
And lat Fortoun wirk furth hir rage
When that no rasoun may assuage,
Whill that hir glass be run and past.

WILLIAM DUNBAR
Meditatioun in Wyntir

FEBRUARY FOURTH

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
As You Like It

FEBRUARY FIFTH

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Love's Labour's Lost

DATURA STRAMONIUM P. 16

Thorn Apple, or Jamestown ("Jimpson") Weed

FEBRUARY SIXTH

An' noo the winter winds complain;
Cauld lies the glaur in ilka lane;
On draigled hizzie, tautit wean
An' drucken lads,
In the mirk nicht, the winter rain
Dribbles and blads.

. . . . . .

I mind me on yon bonny bield;
An' Fancy traivels far afield
To gaither a' that gairdens yield
O sun an' simmer;
To hearten up a dowie chield,
Fancie's the limmer.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Underwoods

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
As You Like It

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

Human ears take in but a few octaves of the great gamut of the universe.

MARGARET GETTY
Parables from Nature

FEBRUARY NINTH

Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees;
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads,
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes;
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods and wilds and thorny ways appear.

AMBROSE PHILLIPS
Epistle to the Earl of Dorset

FEBRUARY TENTH

I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

ALFRED TENNYSON
In Memoriam

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
The World-Soul

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Good-bye

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

I suspect we shall find some day that the loss of the human paradise consists chiefly in the closing of the human eyes; that at least far more of it than people think, remains about us still, only we are so filled with foolish desires and evil cares that we cannot see or hear, cannot even smell or taste, the pleasant things around us.

GEORGE MACDONALD
Unspoken Sermons

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

How pleasing the world's prospect lies:
How tempting to go through!
Parnassus to the poet's eyes,
Nor Beauty with her sweet surprise,
Can more inviting shew.

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA
Life's Progress

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
As You Like It

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
As You Like It

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

Winter shows us Matter in its dead form, like the primary rocks, like granite and basalt — clear, but cold and frozen crystal.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Life of the Fields

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait.

JEREMIAH
Lamentations

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of nature. If I cannot achieve it, at least I can think it.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Life of the Fields

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

The stormes of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

JAMES THOMSON
Winter

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

The mightiest rivers are cradled in the leaves of the pine trees.

CONFUCIUS
Analects

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

THE PSALMS

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

JOSEPH ADDISON
Paraphrases

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
Work without Hope

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

To make this earth our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
The House Beautiful

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Fathers, inspire your children with the garden mania. They will be the better for it when grown up. Let other arts be only studied to heighten the beauty of the one I advocate. Engaged in planning how to shade a glen, or in contriving how to divert the course of a stream, one is too busy ever to become a dangerous citizen, an intriguing general, or a caballing courtier.

PRINCE DE LIGNE
Speeches

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Pretty firstling of the year,
Herald of the host of flowers,
Hast thou left thy cavern drear,
In the hope of summer hours?
Back unto the earthen bowers,
Back to the warm world below,
Till the strength of suns and showers
Quell the now relentless snow.

BARRY CORNWALL
To the Snowdrop

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

It were happy if we studied Nature more in natural things; and acted according to Nature whose rules are few, plain and most reasonable. Let us begin where she begins, go her pace, and close always where she ends, and we cannot miss of being good naturalists.

WILLIAM PENN

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

The earth is so bleak and deserted,
So cold the north winds blow,
That no bud or no blossom will venture
To peep from below;
But, longing for springtime, they nestle
Deep under the snow.

ADELAIDE PROCTER
Christmas Flowers

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.

RICHARD GRAFTON
Chronicles of England

III
MARCH

MARCH

MARCH FIRST

MARCH, month of many weathers, wildly comes
In hail and snow and rain and threatening hums
And floods.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN
Praise of a Solitary Life

MARCH SECOND

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies:
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
March

MARCH THIRD

The year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn;
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in his heaven —
All 's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING
Pippa Passes

When Phoebus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But "hunts-up" to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing;
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are percht, with many a speckled breast.
Then from her burnished gate, the goodly glittering east,
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.

MICHAEL DRAYTON
Chorus of the Birds

SANGUINARIA CANADENSIS

Blood-root

MARCH FIFTH

Take thy plastic spade,
It is thy pencil: take thy seed, thy plants,
They are thy colours.

WILLIAM MASON
The English Garden

MARCH SIXTH

Talke of perfect happiness or pleasure, and what place so fit for that, as the garden place, wherin Adam was set to be the Herbarist? Whither did the poets hunt for their sincere delights but into the gardens of Alcinous, of Adonis, and the orchards of Hesperides?

Where did they dreame that Heavene should be, but in the pleasant Garden of Elysium?

Whither doe all men walke for their honest recreation but thither, where the Earth hath most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colours?

JOHN GERARDE
Preface to Herball

MARCH SEVENTH

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
In March

MARCH EIGHTH

The north-east spends his rage, he now shut up
Within his iron cave—the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature.

JAMES THOMSON
Spring

MARCH NINTH

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and
shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of my
spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

WILLIAM COLLINS
To-morrow

MARCH TENTH

Come—let us go to the land
  Where the violets grow.
Let's go thither hand in hand,
  Over the waters and over the snow,
  To the land where the sweet, sweet violets
    blow.

. . . . . .

There—in the beautiful south,
  Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
  Under the light of the evening sky,
  That Love never fades, though violets die.

BARRY CORNWALL

MARCH ELEVENTH

The night was calm—still; it was in no haste to do anything—it had nothing it needed to do. To be is enough for the stars.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Dewy Morn

MARCH TWELFTH

No matter what the almanac may say,
  The year begins with the first month of spring,
When snowdrifts into rivulets slip away,
  And bluebirds of the coming violet sing.

LUCY LARCOM

MARCH THIRTEENTH

Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of choices to choose,
Such lessons approved as skilful do use.

. . . . . .

The sun in the south, or else southly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcome guest,
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,
To the hop is as ill as a fay in a feast.

Meet plot for the hop-yard once found is as told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold,
Now dig it, and leave it, the sun for to burn,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turn.

THOMAS TUSSER
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry

MARCH FOURTEENTH

Only by walking hand in hand with Nature, only by a reverent and loving study of the mysteries forever around us, is it possible to disabuse the mind of the narrow view, the contracted belief that time is now and eternity to-morrow. Eternity is to-day.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
Nature and Eternity

MARCH FIFTEENTH

Let me have wider feelings, more extended sympathies, let me feel with all living things, rejoice and praise with them. Let me have deeper knowledge, a nearer insight, a more reverent conception.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
Nature and Eternity

MARCH SIXTEENTH

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Winter's Tale

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
Abraham Davenport

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered earth
Is deep enriched with vegetable life.

JAMES THOMSON
Spring

MARCH NINETEENTH

Where the wings of the sea-wind slacken,
Green lawns to the landward thrive,
Fields brighten and pine-woods blacken,
And the heat in their heart is alive.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
In the Salt Marshes

MARCH TWENTIETH

Let no man doubt the omnipotence of Nature. . . . Nature's laws are eternal; her small, still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded.

THOMAS CARLYLE

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in springtime,
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Hiawatha

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

Now that the winter 's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING
Approach of Spring

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day.

ROBERT BURNS
The Auld Man

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

Hark, the hours are softly calling,
Bidding Spring arise,
To listen to the rain-drops falling
From the cloudy skies,
To listen to Earth's weary voices,
Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
On her charmèd way;
But hasten to her task of beauty
Scarcely yet begun.

ADELAIDE PROCTER
Spring

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies.

ROBERT BURNS
Bonie Bell

The Spring comes slowly up this way.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
Christabel

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Winter's wrath begins to quell
And pleasant spring appeareth:
The grass now gins to be refresh'd,
The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

EDMUND SPENSER
The Shepherd's Calendar

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Winters know
Easily to shed the snow,
And the untaught Spring is wise
In cowslips and anemones.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Nature

Beside a fading bank of snow,
A lovely Anemone blew,
Unfolding to the sun's bright glow
Its leaves of heaven's serenest hue;—
"'T is spring!" I cried; "pale winter's fled;
The earliest wreath of flowers is blown;
The blossoms, withered long and dead,
Will soon proclaim their tyrant flown."

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

If 't is not a true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill

At the sight of a voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness
In the beautiful time of spring.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

The sun has hid its rays
These many days
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

ADELAIDE PROCTER
A Doubting Heart

MARCH THIRTIETH

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There alway, alway something sings.

'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Fragments on the Poet

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

Yes, spring is coming. Wood-pigeons, butterflies, and sweet flowers, all give token of the sweetest of the seasons. Spring is coming. The hazel stalks are swelling and putting forth their pale tassels, the satin palms with their honeyed odours are out on the willow, and the last lingering winter berries are dropping from the hawthorn, and making way for the bright and blossomy leaves.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD
Our Village

IV
APRIL

APRIL

APRIL FIRST

NOW if to be an April-fool
Is to delight in the song of the thrush,
To long for the swallow in air's blue hollow,
And the nightingale's riotous music-gush,
And to paint a vision of cities Elysian
Out away in the sunset-flush—
Then I grasp my flagon and swear thereby,
We are April-fools, my Love and I.

MORTIMER COLLINS

APRIL SECOND

Whan that Aprille with showres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathud every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;—
Whan Zephirus eek, with his swete breeth
Enspirud hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem nature in here corages:—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER
Prologue

A Garden is an awful responsibility. You never know what you may be aiding to grow in it.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
My Summer in a Garden

APRIL FOURTH

When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Sonnet xcviii

The uncertain glory of an April day,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Two Gentlemen of Verona

APRIL FIFTH

Ay, every day the rain doth fall,
And every day doth rise;
'T is thus the heavens incessant call,
And thus the earth replies.

JOHN B. TABB
For the Rain it Raineth Every Day

APRIL SIXTH

Prophecies stirring the wood,
Presciences felt in the air,
Then vague misgivings and chilling mood,
When suddenly, everywhere,
There's a mist of green on the trees,
Soft skies over us, birds a-wing.

SARAH J. DAY
Mayflowers to Mistletoe

FRILLIUM GRANDIFLORUM P. 42

White Wood Lily

The main characteristic of these April odors is their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are oftener bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Year in the Fields

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for very joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

Oh, the Spring, the beautiful Spring,
She shineth and smileth on everything!

BARRY CORNWALL

APRIL EIGHTH

When aince Aprile has fairly come,
An birds may bigg in winter's lum,
An pleisure's spreid for a' and some
O whatna state,
Love, wi' her auld recruitin' drum,
Than taks the gate.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Underwoods

Buttercups and Daisies,
Oh the pretty flowers
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up everywhere.

MARY HOWITT
The Flowers

APRIL TENTH

Sad wintry weather; a northeast wind; a sun that puts out one's eyes, without affording the slightest warmth; dryness that chaps lips and hands like a frost in December; rain that comes chilly and arrowy like hail in January; nature at a dead pause; no seeds up in the garden; no leaves out in the hedgerows.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD
Our Village

APRIL ELEVENTH

Daughter of Heaven and Earth, coy spring,
With sudden passion languishing,
Teaching barren moors to smile,
Painting pictures mile on mile,
Holds a cup with cowslip-wreaths,
Whence a smokeless incense breathes.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
May Morning

Spring, with smiling verdure here,
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year;
The tube-rose ever breathes and violets blow.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH

APRIL THIRTEENTH

Spray of song that springs in April, light of love that
laughs through May,
Live and die and live for ever; nought of all things
far less fair
Keep a surer life than these that seem to pass like
fire away.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
The Sunbows

APRIL FOURTEENTH

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

APRIL FIFTEENTH

If the oak is out before the ash,
'T will be summer of wet and splash;
But if the ash is before the oak
'T will be a summer of fire and smoke.

COUNTRY PROVERB

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant
king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a
ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

THOMAS NASH
Spring

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

ROBERT HERRICK
To Blossoms

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

They break the spell of cold and darkness,
The weary watch of sleepless pain;
And from my heart, as from the river,
The ice of winter melts again.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
The First Flowers

That which, above All Others, yeelds the Sweetest Smell in the Aire is the Violet: Specially the White-double-Violet, which comes twice a Yeare: About the middle of Aprill, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the Muske-Rose.

FRANCIS BACON

APRIL TWENTIETH

And blissful blossoms in the blooming yard
Submit their heads to the young Sun's safe-guard.

GAWEN DOUGLAS

When Flora 'gins to deck the fields
With colours fresh and fine.

OLD BALLAD OF
Valentine and Ursine

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

'T is good to be abroad in the sun,
His gifts abide when day is done;
Each thing in nature from his cup
Gathers a several virtue up.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
Out of Doors

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

The very act of planting a seed in the earth has in it to me something beautiful. I always do it with a joy that is largely mixed awe. I watch my garden beds after they are sown, and think how one of God's exquisite miracles is going on beneath the dark earth out of sight.

CELIA THAXTER
My Island Garden

Fair is each budding thing the Garden shows,
From spring's frail Crocus to the latest bloom
Of fading autumn. Every wind that blows
Across that glowing tract sips rare perfume
From all the tangled blossoms tossing there;—
Soft winds, they fain would linger long, nor any farther fare.

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES
The Old-Fashioned Garden

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

Lo where the rosy-bosomed Hours
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers
And wake the purple year.

THOMAS GRAY
Ode on the Spring

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Sonnet xcix

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

Daffydowndilly, the maid in the garden,
The child at the wicket, is looking for you.
Bare are the meadows, inbudded the thicket,
April still mingles the clouds with her blue;
Come to us, Daffodil, golden and true.

SARAH J. DAY
Mayflowers to Mistletoe

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Love's Labour's Lost

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces;
The violet is here.

It all comes back; the odor, grace and hue,
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon;
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

ROBERT HERRICK

But green leaves and blossoms,
And sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving
All come back together.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

One bird reports unto another
In the fall of silver showers.

SAMUEL DANIEL
Old English Song

V

MAY

MAY

MAY FIRST

FOR lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

By May-day the scales have fallen from the eyes of every branch.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Year in the Fields

MAY SECOND

And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Intimations of Immortality

MAY THIRD

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Sonnet xviii

MAY FOURTH

I feel a newer life in every gale,
The winds that fan the flowers
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

The morning brightness showereth down from heaven,
The morning freshness goeth up from earth,
The morning gladness shineth everywhere
Soon as the sun, in glorious panoply
Parting the crimson curtains of his tent,
Begins the day's proud march, the voice of song
And flush of beauty live along his way.

GRACE GREENWOOD
The May Morning

MAY FIFTH

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!

ROBERT BROWNING
Apparitions

EPIGÆA REPENS

Trailing Arbutus

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Every thing did banish moan.

RICHARD BARNFIELD
The Nightingale

MAY SIXTH

When Flora with her fragrant flowers
  Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
  Came to present the monthe of Maye.

THOMAS PERCY
Reliques

MAY SEVENTH

Though not often consciously recognized, perhaps this is the great pleasure of summer, to watch the earth, the dead particles, revolving themselves into the living case of life, to see the seed-leaf push aside the clod and become by degrees the perfumed flower.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

MAY EIGHTH

When May is in his prime and youthful spring
  Doth clothe the tree with leaves and ground with flowers,
And time of year reviveth everything,
  And lovely Nature smiles and nothing lowers.

THOMAS WATSON

MAY NINTH

Saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips, and in phrases
Charming for their truth, of daisies
Uttering as well as silence may
The sweetest words the sweetest way.

LEIGH HUNT
Love Letters made of Flowers

MAY TENTH

Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not dressed,
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns.

ROBERT HERRICK
To Corinna, to go a-Maying

MAY ELEVENTH

O lusty May with Flora quene
The balmy dropis from Phebus schene
Preluciand beams befoir the day
Be that Diana growis grene,
Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.
. . . . . .

Of everie moneth in the yeir,
To mirthful May there is no peir,
Hir glistrine garments are so gay;
You lovaris all mak merie cheir,
Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.

OLD BALLAD

MAY TWELFTH

Hoeing in the garden on a bright, soft May day, when you are not obliged to, is nearly equal to the delight of going trouting.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
My Summer in a Garden

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
The Gladness of Nature

MAY THIRTEENTH

Oh, the merry day has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

MAY FOURTEENTH

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor. All labor is noble and holy.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD
Labor

Who first invented Work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting opportunity
Of business in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade.

CHARLES LAMB
Work

MAY FIFTEENTH

Now the lucid tears of May
Gem the blossoms of the spray;
Every leaf and bending flower
Glitters in the vernal shower.

FELICIA HEMANS

MAY SIXTEENTH

Children of the sun's first glancing,
Flowers that deck the bounteous earth;
Joy and mirth are round ye dancing,
Nature smiled upon your birth;
Light hath veined your petals tender,
And with hues of matchless splendor
Flora paints each dewy bell.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER
The Flowers

MAY SEVENTEENTH

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe, to make our passage clear,
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

LEIGH HUNT
Songs of Flowers

MAY EIGHTEENTH

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Flowers

MAY NINETEENTH

What delight, in some sweet spot
Combining love with garden plot,
At once to cultivate one's flowers
And one's epistolary powers!

LEIGH HUNT
Love Letters made of Flowers

The horse-chestnut in the earlier weeks of May is a sight for gods and men.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON
Essays

MAY TWENTIETH

You have heard it said that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them.

JOHN RUSKIN
Sesame and Lilies

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

The Daisy scattered on each mead and downe,
A golden tuft within a silver crown;
Raire fell that dainty flower. And may there be
No shepherd graced that doth not honor thee.

WILLIAM BROWNE
Britannia's Pastorals

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON
Song on May Morning

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

Sumer is i-cumen in;
Lhude sing cuccu;
Groweth sed and bloweth mede,
And springeth the wde nu;
Sing cuccu, cuccu!

EARLY ENGLISH SONG

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
To the Dandelion

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

The buttercups with shining face
Smile brightly as I pass,
They seem to lighten all the place
Like sunshine in the grass.

And though not glad nor gay was I
When first they came in view,
I find when I have passed them by
That I am smiling too.

SARAH J. DAY
Mayflowers to Mistletoe

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out-owre the grassy lea.

ROBERT BURNS
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Love's language may be talked with these:
To work out choicest sentences,
No blossoms can be meeter;
And, such being used in Eastern bowers,
Young maids may wonder if the flowers
Or meanings be the sweeter.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
A Flower in a Letter

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy-land.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Underwoods

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

MAY THIRTIETH

And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, "Forget-me-not."

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Cymbeline

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not Heav'n's own bowers?
Who its love, without them, can fancy,—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring one piece of Heav'n the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT
Songs of the Flowers

VI
JUNE

JUNE

JUNE FIRST

O THE enchanted world! O youth, O June!
No wonder that the heart cannot forget
Those morning melodies, that first-learned tune!
Through deepening harmonies they haunt her yet.

LUCY LARCOM

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
The Vision of Sir Launfal

JUNE SECOND

Strong June, superb, serene, elate,
With conscience of thy sovereign state,
Untouched of thunder, though the storm
Scathe here and there thy shuddering skies,
And bid its lightning cross thine eyes
With fire, thy golden hours inform
Earth and the souls of men with life
That brings forth peace from shining strife.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Year's Carols

JUNE THIRD

'T is Heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
The Vision of Sir Launfal

JUNE FOURTH

Tell me whither, maiden June,
Down the dusky slope of noon
With thy sickle of a moon,
Goest thou to reap?

. . . . .

Fields of Fancy by the stream
Of night in silvery silence gleam,
To heap with many a harvest-dream
The granary of sleep.

JOHN B. TABB

JUNE FIFTH

To raise Flowers is a Common Thing,
God alone gives them Fragrance.

ORIENTAL PROVERB

And because the Breath of Flowers is far sweeter in the Aire (when it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the Flowers and Plants that doe best perfume the Aire.

FRANCIS BACON
Essay on Gardens

KALMIA LATIFOLIA

American Laurel

JUNE SIXTH

O, now's the hour, when air is sweet,
And birds are all in tune,
To seek with me the cool retreat
In bright and merry June;
When every rose-bush has a nest,
And every thorn a flower,
And everything on earth is blest
This sweet and holy hour.
And we will wander far away
Along the flowery vale,
Where winds the brook its sparkling play,
And freshly blows the gale.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

JUNE SEVENTH

But sweeter far in this old Garden close
To loiter 'mid the lovely, old-time flowers,
To breathe the scent of Lavender and Rose,
And with old poets pass the peaceful hours.
Old Gardens and old poets,—happy he
Whose quiet summer days are spent in such sweet company!

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES
The Old-Fashioned Garden

JUNE EIGHTH

Not only the days, but life itself lengthens in summer. I would spread abroad my arms and gather more of it to me, could I do so.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

JUNE NINTH

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new.
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

ANDREW MARVELL
The Gardener

JUNE TENTH

Bring hether the pincke and purple Cullembine
With Gellifloures,
Bring hether Coronations and Sops-in-wine,
Worne of Paramours.
Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies
And Cowslips and Kingcups and lovèd Lilies:
The pretty Pawnce,
The Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre Flour Delice.

EDMUND SPENSER
The Shepherd's Calendar

JUNE ELEVENTH

Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

JOHN KEATS
I stood Tip-toe

JUNE TWELFTH

The roses red arrayed in rorne and ryss,
The primrose and the purpure viola;
To hear it was a point of paradise,
Such mirth the mavis and the merle couth ma,
The blossoms blithe broke up on bank and brae,
The smell of herbis, and of fowls the cry,
Contending who should have the victory.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

And here on Sabbath mornings
The goodman comes to get
His Sunday nosegay,—Moss Rose-bud,
White Pink, and Mignonette.

MARY HOWITT
The Poor Man's Garden

JUNE THIRTEENTH

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of 'noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

JAMES THOMSON
Castle of Indolence

JUNE FOURTEENTH

Now each creature joyes the other,
Passing happy dayes and howers;
One bird reports unto another
In the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
Hath her bosom deckt with flowers.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

JUNE FIFTEENTH

'T was one of the charmed days
When the genius of God doth flow,
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow:
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover farm;
Or west, no thunder fear.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Woodnotes

What a glowing glorious day! Summer in its richest prime, noon in its most sparkling brightness, little white clouds dappling the deep blue sky, and the sun, now partially veiled, and now bursting through them with an intensity of light.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD
Our Village

JUNE SIXTEENTH

Summer shows us Matter changing into life, sap rising from the earth through a million tubes, the alchemic power of light entering the solid oak; and see! it bursts forth in countless leaves. Living things leap in the grass, living things drift upon the air, living things are coming forth to breathe in every hawthorn bush.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

Let us celebrate the soil. Most men toil that they may own a piece of it: they measure their success in life by their ability to buy it. It is alike the passion of the parvenu and the pride of the aristocrat. No man but feels more of a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own. However small it is on the surface it is four thousand miles deep; and that is a very handsome property.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
My Summer in a Garden

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

The joyous time when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open like the season's Rose,
The Floweret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

THOMAS MOORE
Lalla Rookh

JUNE NINETEENTH

A bush of May flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no bashful nook could be without them;
And let a lush Laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the Violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.
A filbert hedge with Wild-brier over twin'd,
And clumps of Woodbine taking the soft wind,
Upon their summer thrones.

JOHN KEATS
I stood Tip-toe

JUNE TWENTIETH

In all those walks through garden, wood and field,
Wherein my much delight is, I have found
The flowers my choicest comrades.

SARAH J. DAY
Mayflowers to Mistletoe

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

The sound of summer is everywhere — in the passing breeze, in the hedge, in the broad-branching trees, in the grass as it swings — all the varied myriad particles that together make the summer varied are in motion. The sap moves in the trees, the pollen is pushed out from grass and flower, and yet again these acres and acres of leaves and square miles of grass blades — for they would cover acres and square miles if reckoned edge to edge — are drawing their strength from the atmosphere.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

In the midst of June, that jolly sweet season,
When that fair Phoebus with his beamis bright
Had dryed up the dew from dale and down,
And all the land made with his lemis light.

. . . . . .

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
The noise of birdis right delicious;
The boughis broad bloomid above my head,
The ground growing with grasses gracious;
Of all pleasaunce that place was plenteous.
With sweet odors and birdis harmony
That morning mild, my mirth was more for they.

WILLIAM DUNBAR
The Thistle and the Rose

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.

. . . . . .

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
The Vision of Sir Launfal

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

MARY HOWITT
The Use of Flowers

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

And sharpen was this arbour, roof and all,
As in a pretty parlour; and also
That hedge as thick was as a castle wall,
That whoso list without to stand or go,
Though he would all day pryen to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no; but one within well might
Perceive all those that wente there without
Into the field, that was on every side
Cover'd with corn and grass.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER
The Canterbury Tales

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its
wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
swamps and hollows gray.

ALFRED TENNYSON

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung.

JOHN KEATS
I stood Tip-toe

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

A stately row of maidens tall
  Within my garden stood;
And bowed their snowy foreheads all
  In gentle sisterhood.

And often as I loitered near,
  In joy of their pure grace,
Strains of a chant I seemed to hear
  That breathed about the place.

SARAH J. DAY
Garden Lilies

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
    But either house or hal'?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
    Are free alike to all.

ROBERT BURNS
Epistle to Davie

Even now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by clambouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clamb'ring up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant,
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower,
Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.

JOANNA BAILLIE
Picture of a Country Life

VII
JULY

JULY

∴

JULY FIRST

HAIL, proud July, whose fervent mouth
Bids even be morn and north be south
By grace and gospel of thy word,
Whence all the splendour of the sea
Lies breathless with delight in thee,
And marvel at the music heard
From the ardent silent lips of noon
And midnight's rapturous plenilune.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Year's Carols

JULY SECOND

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

ALFRED TENNYSON
Maud

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
The Tables Turned

JULY THIRD

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough,
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowere, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
So every sweet with sowre is temper'd still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.

EDMUND SPENSER
Sonnet xxvi

JULY FOURTH

We tend the flowers of every hue
But love the red, the white, the blue—
Red, white and blue;
The red is Love's sweet blushing hue,
And white is fair as Faith to view
And Truth is imaged in the blue—
Red, white and blue;
Where Faith is free, and Love is true,
We sow the red, and white, and blue.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE
Song of the Flower Angels

RUDBECKIA HIRTA

Black-eyed Susan

JULY FIFTH

Beside the walk the drowsy Poppies sway,
More deep of hue than is the reddest Rose,
And dreamy-warm as summer's midmost day;
Proud, languorous queens of slumberous repose,
Within their little chalices they keep
The mystic witchery that brings mild, purple-lidded sleep.

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES
The Old-Fashioned Garden

JULY SIXTH

The Larkspur lifts on high its azure spires,
And up the arbor's lattices are rolled
The quaint Nasturtium's many-colored fires.

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES
The Old-Fashioned Garden

JULY SEVENTH

Give me blue flowers
To grace my bowers,
The perfect color — heaven's own blue,
Sweet violet in emerald set,
And glistening with the fragrant dew;
Or by the brook
With downcast look
The modest harebell's fairy form.

CAROLINE EUSTIS

JULY EIGHTH

Nothing 's small . . .
Earth 's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The more we see into Nature and try to represent it, the more ignorant and helpless we find ourselves; until sometimes I wonder whether God might not have made the world so rich and full just to teach his children humility.

GEORGE MACDONALD

JULY NINTH

My grounds should not be large; I like to go
To Nature for a range and prospect too,
I cannot fancy she'll comprise for me
Even in a park her all-sufficiency.

. . . . . .

But all the ground I had should keep a look
Of Nature still; have bird's nests and a brook;
One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees.

LEIGH HUNT
Thoughts on Reading Pomfret's Choice

JULY TENTH

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

. . . . . .

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

HORACE SMITH

JULY ELEVENTH

The Garden glows
And 'gainst its walls the city's heart still beats.
And out from it each summer wind that blows
Carries some sweetness to the tired streets.

MARGARET DELAND
Old Garden

JULY TWELFTH

For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook,
At court, a flower or two did deck thy head,
Now, with whole garlands it is circled;
For what in wealth we want, we have in flowers,
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

ANTHONY MUNDAY

JULY THIRTEENTH

For this the fruit, for this the seed,
For this the parent tree,
The least to man, the most to God,—
A fragrant mystery,
Where Love, with Beauty glorified,
Forgets Utility.

JOHN B. TABB
Blossom

JULY FOURTEENTH

There is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird has power
To please me with its lay.

ANNA PEYRE DINNIES
The Floral Year

JULY FIFTEENTH

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;
Utterance mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath;
All who see us love us,—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles; and unto graces, graces.

LEIGH HUNT
Songs of the Flowers

JULY SIXTEENTH

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?
Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

MARY HOWITT
The Use of Flowers

JULY SEVENTEENTH

Lemon leaves, whose sweetness
Grows sweeter than before
When bruised, and crushed, and broken,
Hearts need that lesson more.

ADELAIDE PROCTER
A Chaplet of Flowers

JULY EIGHTEENTH

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say,
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

JULY NINETEENTH

The boundless extent of creation is so large that it can look at a world, or a galaxy of worlds, in the same way as we compare a flower or insect to the world around us.

IMMANUEL KANT

JULY TWENTIETH

O Nature, how in every charm supreme
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O, for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!

JAMES BEATTIE

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Not to myself alone,
The little opening flower transported cries;
Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.

ANONYMOUS

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

There is a tongue in every leaf—
A voice in every rill;
A voice that speaketh everywhere—
In flood and fire, through earth and air,
A tongue that is never still.

ANONYMOUS

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And midst of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

KING JAMES I

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

I never wander 'mong the flowers,
But mem'ry will be straying
To other days and other hours,
When childhood went a-Maying.

O precious days, O happy hours,
How mem'ry backward lingers,
To pluck again the dewy flowers,
With childhood's rosy fingers!

ANONYMOUS

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look glorious?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? The lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man.

JOANNA BAILLIE
De Monfort

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

ANONYMOUS
The Voice of the Grass

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Good herbes in the garden for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper turn.

THOMAS TUSSER
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry

There the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

WILLIAM COWPER
The Task

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Thyme takes upon itself to embellish the parts of the earth which other plants disdain. If there is an arid, stony, dry soil, burnt up by the sun, it is there Thyme spreads its charming green beds, perfumed, close, thick, elastic, scattered over with little balls of blossom, pink in color, and of delightful freshness.

ALPHONSE KARR
A Tour of My Garden

JULY THIRTIETH

A chaplet then of Herbs I'll make
Than which though yours be braver,
Yet this of mine I'll undertake
Shall not be short in savour.
With Basil then I will begin,
Whose scent is wondrous pleasing.
This Eglantine I'll next put in,
The sense with sweetness seizing.
Then in my Lavender I lay,
Muscado put among it,
With here and there a leaf of Bay,
Which still shall run along it.

MICHAEL DRAYTON
The Muse's Elysium

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

There often exhales from certain flowers something more and even better than perfume—I mean certain circumstances of life with which they are associated and with which they inseparably dwell in the mind, or rather in the heart, even as the hamadryads were not able to quit their oaks!

ALPHONSE KARR
A Tour of My Garden

VIII
AUGUST

AUGUST

AUGUST FIRST

ALL the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster-flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
August

AUGUST SECOND

Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

MATTHEW ARNOLD
Thyrsis

AUGUST THIRD

Hail, brother August, flushed and warm,
And scatheless from my storm,
Your hands are full of corn I see,
As full as hands can be:
And earth and air both smell as sweet as balm
In their recovered calm.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
The Months

So, too, the summer days; the sun rises on the same grasses and green hedges, there is the same blue sky, but did we ever have enough of them? No, not in a hundred years!

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

AUGUST FOURTH

My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. Hence it is that a flower is to me so much more than stalk and petals.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

AUGUST FIFTH

What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower,
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?

JOHN KEATS
Sleep and Poetry

CYPRIPEDIUM ACAULE

Lady's Slipper

P. 96

AUGUST SIXTH

Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal, is an inscription speaking of hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly — they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

AUGUST SEVENTH

I like to go into the garden these warm latter days, and muse. To muse is to sit in the sun and not think of anything. I am not sure but goodness comes out of people who bask in the sun, as it does out of a sweet apple roasted before the fire.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
My Summer in a Garden

AUGUST EIGHTH

And all without were walkes and alleys dight
With divers trees enranged in even ranks;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight
And shady seats, and sundry flowerying bankes
To sit and rest the walker's wearie shankes.

EDMUND SPENSER
Faery Queen

AUGUST NINTH

My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
My Garden

AUGUST TENTH

If trees are Nature's thoughts or dreams,
And witness how her great heart yearns,
Then she has only shown, it seems,
Her lightest fantasies in ferns.

EDGAR FAWCETT
Fantasy and Passion

'T is a rare world, a brave world,
A ranting, flanting, shining world!

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

AUGUST ELEVENTH

Is not a garden a living jewel-case full of jewels which fly, and others which blossom and spread abroad their perfume?

. . . . . .

Do you know a sapphire of so pure a blue as the corn-bottle of the fields, as brilliant as the sage called Salvia patius, as the Delphinium vivace, which flourish in our gardens?

ALPHONSE KARR
A Tour of My Garden

AUGUST TWELFTH

I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me; how they manage, bird and flower, without me, to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it so carefully and lovingly day by day.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
The Pageant of Summer

I see the garden thicket's shade
Where all the summer long we played,
And gardens set and houses made,
Our early work and late.

MARY HOWITT

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

Solar insect on the wing
In the garden murmuring,
Soothing with thy summer horn
Swains by winter pinched and worn.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Nature

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale blue Convolvulus in tendrils creep,
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
Sonnets

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

The stately Lady Hollyhock
Has graced my garden-bed for years,
Sedately stiffened in a frock
All frills and ruffles to her ears;
For at the fashions one may mock
When one is born a hollyhock.

Her gay companions creep and twine
And riot in the summer breeze;
But she doth haughtily decline
To join in common sports like these;
Such indecorum needs must shock
A well-bred, well-starched hollyhock.

SARAH J. DAY
Mayflowers to Mistletoe

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us.

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE

Mine is just a little old-fashioned garden where the flowers come together to praise the Lord and teach all who look upon them to do likewise.

CELIA THAXTER
An Island Garden

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
The Worship of Nature

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

. . . . . .

And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Prelude: Voices of the Night

AUGUST NINETEENTH

Great Helianthus climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.

ERASMUS DARWIN
The Botanic Garden

AUGUST TWENTIETH

How welcome would it often be to many a child of anxiety and toil to be suddenly transferred from the heat and din of the city, the restlessness and worry of the mart, to the midnight garden or the mountain-top!

JAMES MARTINEAU

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

Had I a garden, it should lie
All smiling to the sun;
And after bird and butterfly,
Children should romp and run;
Filling their little laps with flowers,
The air with shout and song,
While golden crests in guelder bowers
Ripple the whole day long.

ALFRED AUSTIN
The Garden that I Love

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
In loneliest nook.

HORACE SMITH
Hymn to the Flowers

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Musketaquid

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover;
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my seven times over and over,—
Seven times one are seven.

JEAN INGELOW

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

When Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he basked him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found;
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound.

JAMES THOMSON
The Castle of Indolence

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

Trees and flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the close of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dew-drop with another near.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

I had found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL
The Coral Grove

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floors of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

HORACE SMITH
Hymn to the Flowers

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

When the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,
As the rays diminish,
Under the evening's cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Night and Day

AUGUST THIRTIETH

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
The Hayloft

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on. . . . Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepared — the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth — and Summer suns
Concocted strong — rush boundless now to view.

JAMES THOMSON
The Seasons

IX
SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER FIRST

TRANCED in a liquid calm September lies,
Her bosom heaves with breathing soft and low;
The palpitating air in heart-warm stillness dies,
And brooding peace is over all below.

ELAINE GOODALE
September

SEPTEMBER SECOND

September, all glorious with gold, as a king
In the radiance of triumph attired,
Outlightening the summer, outsweetening the spring,
Broods wide on the woodlands with limitless wing,
A presence of all men desired.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
The Palace of Pan

SEPTEMBER THIRD

The garden within was shaded,
And guarded about from sight;
The fragrance flowed to the south wind,
The fountain leaped to the light.

HELEN GRAY CONE
Thisbe

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

Hail, kind September, friend whose grace
Renews the bland year's bounteous face
With largess given of corn and wine,
Through many a land that laughs with love
Of thee and all the heaven above;
More fruitful found than all save thine,
Whose skies fulfil with strenuous cheer
The fervent fields that knew thee near.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Year's Carols

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear;
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

ALEXANDER HUME

SOLIDAGO P. 110

Goldenrod

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

Nothing stirs the sunny silence,
Save the drowsy humming of the bees
Round the ripe rich peaches on the wall,
And the south wind sighing in the trees,
And the dead leaves rustling as they fall.

ADELAIDE PROCTER
A Remembrance of Autumn

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

Till at the last, among the bowes glade,
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade;
Full smooth and plain, and lusty for to seen,
And soft as velvet was the yonge green;
Where from my horse I did alight as fast
And on the bow aloft his reine cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,
That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brinke, shortly for to tell,
Beside the river of a crystal well,
And the water, as I reherse can,
Like quicke silver in his streams y-ran,
Of which the gravel and the brighte stone,
As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

JOHN LYDGATE

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others' happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,

The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

. . . . . .

One would have thought—so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine—
That nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine;
So all agreed through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

EDMUND SPENSER
The Faery Queen

SEPTEMBER NINTH

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

ANDREW MARVELL
Thoughts in a Garden

See, here's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'T is twilight's home.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

SEPTEMBER TENTH

In bower and garden rich and rare
There's many a cherished flower,
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flits
Within the flitting hour.
Not so the simple forest leaf,
Unprized, unnoticed lying,—
The same through all its little life—
It changes but in dying.
Be such, and only such, my friends;
Once mine, and mine forever.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE

Flowers seek the light their beauties to display;
The leaf will smile the same by night as day.

ANONYMOUS

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

Oh, good, gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
This autumn morning!

ROBERT BROWNING
Among the Rocks

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
A Calm Evening

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

The subtle power in perfume found,
Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned;
On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound
No censer idly burned.

And Nature holds in wood and field
Her thousand sunlit censers still;
To spells of flower and shrub we yield
Against or with our will.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
Sweet-Fern

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land;
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool and geese may swim.
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet,
Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air.

MATTHEW GREEN
Contentment

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Days

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side;
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine,
Where mixed jonquils and gowans grow,
And roses midst rank clover blow
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
In wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles here and there
May sometimes cheat the gardener's care,
Yet this to me's a paradise
Compared with prim cut plots and nice
Where nature has to art resigned,
Till all looks mean, stiff and confined.

ALLAN RAMSAY

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

Because you cannot pluck the flower,
You pass the sweet scent by;
Because you cannot have the stars,
You will not see the sky.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past — there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Had I a garden, alleys green
Should lead where none would guess,
Save lovers to exchange unseen
Shy whisper and caress.
For them the nightingale should sing
Full after it was June,
And they should kiss and deem it spring,
Under the harvest moon.

ALFRED AUSTIN
The Garden that I Love

How sweetly smells the Honeysuckle
In the hushed night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace and love and gentleness.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

The golden-rod, that blossoms in the wild,
Whispers a tale of Hope to Fancy's child.

ANONYMOUS

She sent him Lavender, owning her love.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

Thou seest though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant.
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found

The winged quiristers, with divers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording, pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower
Without command contenting us each hour;
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet nature's best embroidery.

ANTHONY MUNDAY

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

The autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
My Triumph

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

The pallid silver of the harvest moon
Floods all the Garden with its soft, weird light.
The flowers long since have told their dewy beads,
And naught is heard except the frog's small choir
in distant meads.

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES
The Old-Fashioned Garden

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

And varied as the aster's flower,
The charms of beauty bless my eye—
For who would prize the coming hour,
If only like the hours gone by?

ANONYMOUS

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
The Apology

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

What wondrous life is this I lead
Pire apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, the curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

ANDREW MARVELL
Thoughts in a Garden

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Those bright leaves whose decay,
Red, yellow or pale, rival the pride of summer.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

In brisk wind of September
The heavy-headed fruits
Shake upon their bending boughs
And drop from the shoots;
Some glow golden in the sun,
Some show green and streaked,
Some set forth a purple bloom,
Some blush rosy-cheeked.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

JAMES THOMSON
The Castle of Indolence

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

In autumn when the sun in virgine
By radiant heat enripened hath our corne,
When Luna, full of mutabilitie,
As emperess, the diadem hath worne,
Of our pole Arctic, smiling as in scorn
At our folie and our unstedfastnesse.

JOHN SKELTON

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to-night; the lark was fled
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE
Pharonnida

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where's no heat nor cold extreme.

THOMAS NABBES

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

Light and air
Are ministers of gladness; where these spread,
Beauty abides and joy: where'er Life is
There is no melancholy.

ANONYMOUS

X

OCTOBER

OCTOBER

OCTOBER FIRST

GIVE me October's meditative haze,
Its gossamer mornings, dewy-wimpled eves,
Dewy and fragrant, fragrant and secure.

ALFRED AUSTIN
In Veronica's Garden

OCTOBER SECOND

There is something beyond the philosophies in the light, in the grass blades, the leaf, the grass-hopper, the sparrow on the wall. Some day the great and beautiful thought which hovers on the confines of the mind will at last alight. In that is hope, the whole sky is full of abounding hope. Something beyond the books, that is consolation.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
Meadow Thoughts

OCTOBER THIRD

There are still, in October, a few red apples on the boughs of the trees in a little orchard beside the road.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
Round a London Copse

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.

EDWARD YOUNG
Night Thoughts

OCTOBER FOURTH

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright
October,
Then when brackens are changed, and heather-
blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees
are bonnie;
Alders are green and oaks; the rowan scarlet and
yellow;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the
aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair
of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace,
and ear-rings,
Cover her now o'er and o'er; she is weary and
scatters them from her.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
The Bothie of Tober-na Vuolich

OCTOBER FIFTH

And thus do come the autumn flowers,
Lingering like exiles on their way,
And ere they ventured to our bowers
Put on their best of bright and gay.

ANONYMOUS

OCTOBER SIXTH

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views

SPIRANTHES P. 124

"Ladies' Tresses"

The rising pyramids that grace his yard
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.

JAMES THOMSON
The Seasons

OCTOBER SEVENTH

What visionary tints the year puts on
When falling leaves falter through motionless air,
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone.
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
An Indian Summer Reverie

OCTOBER EIGHTH

The rose to the wind has yielded; all its leaves
Lie strewn on the graveyard grass,
. . . . . .
Who knows, though he see the snow-cold blossom shed,
If haply the heart that burned within the rose,
The spirit in sense, the life of life, be dead?
If haply the wind that slays with storming snows
Be one with the wind that quickens?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Reminiscence

OCTOBER NINTH

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 't is her privilege
Through all the scenes of this our life to lead
From joy to joy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Lines composed above Tintern Abbe

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine, droops the goldenrod.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIE

OCTOBER TENTH

As Israel, in days of old,
Beneath the prophet's rod
Amid the waters, backward rolled,
A path triumphant trod,
So, while thy lifted staff appears,
Her pilgrim steps to guide,
The autumn journeys on, nor fears
The winter's threatening tide.

JOHN B. TAB
Golden-rod

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Then, when the maples have burst out into colo
showing like great bonfires along the hills, there i
indeed a feast for the eye.

JOHN BURROUGH
A Year in the Fiel

OCTOBER TWELFTH

My garden invites into it all the birds of the country by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, and I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in spring or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time. . . . By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection.

JOSEPH ADDISON
Letter on Gardening

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

By a garden is meant mystically a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment, delight.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

The morning hath not lost her virgin blush;
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinselled robe;
How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain,
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up
In 's morning's exercise saluted is
By a full choir of feathered choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamoured air!
Here Nature, in her unaffected dress
Plated with valleys, and embossed with hills,
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE
Love's Victory

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

It seems as if the day were not wholly profane, in which we have given heed to some natural object.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Nature

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

Look out, look out; there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown;
The willow-tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'T is true we all know that summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
Yet we'd rather be watching the cowslip blow,
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!

ELIZA COOK
Autumn Thoughts

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

The October leaf-fading is a festival, a triumphal pageant, rather than a funeral.

LUCY LARCOM

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

Nay, cheer up, sister. Life is not quite over,
Even if the year has done with corn and clover,
With flowers and leaves; besides, in fact, 't is true
Some leaves remain, and some flowers too,
For me and you. Now see my crops;
I've brought you nuts and hops
And when the leaf drops, why the walnut drops.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
The Months

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

October of the tawny crown,
Whose heavy-laden hands drop down
  Blessing, the bounties of thy breath,
And mildness of thy mellowing might,
Fill earth and heaven with love and light
  Too sweet for fear to dream of death,
Or memory, while thy joy lives yet,
To know what joy would fain forget.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Year's Carols

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
The Sensitive Plant

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
  being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Ode to the West Wind

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

I will make an end of my dinner;
There's pippins and cheese to come.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Merry Wives of Windsor

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

When Autumn scatters
  The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
  The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest,
  Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers—
  And my Love's voice!

AUSTIN DOBSON
Song of Four Seasons

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain.
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read.

JOHN GAY
A Love Divination

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

JOHN KEATS
To Fancy

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

THE PSALMS

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears.
After that fair and good we could not grasp.

GEORGE ELIOT

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steered another way.
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots and flowery meads
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls;
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields.
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

NATHANIEL LEE

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Autumn Fires

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

Though youth be passed and beauty fled,
The constant heart its pledge redeems,
Like Box, that guards the flowerless bed,
And brighter from the contrast seems.

ANONYMOUS

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Is it midsummer here in the heavens that illumine
October on earth?
Can the year, when his heart is fulfilled with desire of the days of his mirth,
Redeem them, recall, or remember?
For a memory recalling the rapture of earth, and redeeming the sky,
Shines down from the heights to the depths. Will the watchword of dawn be July
When to-morrow acclaims November?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
An Autumn Vision

XI
NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER FIRST

NEXT November, limping, battered,
Blinded in a whirl of leaf;
Worn of want and travel-tattered,—
Next November, limping, battered.

AUSTIN DOBSON
Masque of the Months

NOVEMBER SECOND

Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought,
Devout above the meaning of your will.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NOVEMBER THIRD

That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Sonnet lxxiii

NOVEMBER FOURTH

O russet-robed November,
What ails thee so to smile?
Chill August, pale September,
Endured a woful while,
And fell as falls an ember
From forth a flameless pile;
But golden-girt November
Bids all she looks on smile.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
A Dream

NOVEMBER FIFTH

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes.

ROBERT BURNS
The Cotter's Saturday Night

NOVEMBER SIXTH

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyverye,
The naked twigges were shivering all for colde;
And, dropping down the teares abundantly,
Ache thing, methought, with weeping eye me tolde
The cruelle season.

THOMAS SACKVILLE
A Mirrour of Magistrates

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone
When woods are bare and birds are flown.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
To the Fringed Gentian

CELASTRUS SCANDENS

False Bitter Sweet

P. 136

Gnaphalium, like the thoughts we love,
Can every change and season prove.

ANONYMOUS
Everlasting

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

The mountain ash, . . .
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show
Amid the leafy woods.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
The Mountain Ash

The ash has been less noticed for its autumnal foliage than it deserves. The richest shades of plum-color to be seen — becoming by and by, or in certain lights, a deep maroon — are afforded by this tree. Then at a distance there seems to be a sort of bloom on it, as upon the grape or plum.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Year in the Fields

NOVEMBER NINTH

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad with all his roving train,
Vapours and clouds and storms. Be these my theme,
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing.

JAMES THOMSON
The Seasons

NOVEMBER TENTH

I don't know a more disappointing person than a cold sun; and I am beginning to wrap my cloak closely around me, and to calculate the distance to my own fireside, recanting all the way my praises of November, and longing for the showery, flowery April, as much as if I were a half-chilled butterfly or a dahlia knocked down by the frost.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD
Our Village

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

Ah, dear me! What a climate this is, that one cannot keep in the same mind about it for half an hour together.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD
Our Village

Our northern November day itself is like spring water. It is melted frost, dissolved snow. There is a chill in it and an exhilaration also. The forenoon is all morning and the afternoon all evening. The shadows seem to come forth and to revenge themselves upon the day. The sunlight is diluted with darkness. The colors fade from the landscape, and only the sheen of the river lights up the gray and brown distance.

JOHN BURROUGHS
A Year in the Fields

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

The winding stream that glides along,
The lark that tunes her early song,
The mountain's brow, the sloping vale,
The murmuring of the western gale,
Have lost their charms.—The blooms are gone.

PHILIP FRENEAU

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

The wind blew hollow frae the hills;
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods.

ROBERT BURNS
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Autumn

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

My autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
St. Martin's Summer

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

Silly gardener summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
The Gardener

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS
La Belle Dame Sans Merci

Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
The Last Walk in Autumn

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm
And red fire roaring
And ingle warm—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part,
Then sing glad meeting,—
And my Love's heart.

AUSTIN DOBSON
Song of Four Seasons

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

The winter is upon us, not the snow;
The hills are etched on the horizon bare,
The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,
The meagre cloudlets shudder to and fro.
One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow,
Like some strange butterfly, unclassed and rare,
Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

ANDREW LANG
After Albert Glatigny

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

For Winter came; the wind was his whip:
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne,
By the ten-fold blasts of the Arctic zone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
The Sensitive Plant

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

The flowers have left their withered stalks
And snow-encompassed lie the walks
That once were gaily shared.
A few green shrubs that dot the snow,
Some gaunt-stemmed berries still aglow,—
Else lonely have I fared.

SARAH J. DAY
Mayflowers to Mistletoe

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
The Snowflakes

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
The Snow-Storm

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

The summer comes and the summer goes;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then all of a sudden—it snows.

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know winter is gone—by the flowers
We only know winter is come—by the snow.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Anon bleak Winter, from the frozen north
Its treasuries of snow and hail pours forth;
Then stormy winds blow thro' the hazy sky;
In desolation nature seems to lie.

JAMES THOMSON
On a Country Life

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
All day the hoary meteor fell,
And when the second morning shone
We looked upon a world unknown;
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
Snow-Bound

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

ADELAIDE PROCTER
A Doubting Heart

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

The wrathfull winter, prochinge on apace,
With blustring blasts had all ybard the scene,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling colde had pearst the tender greene;
The mantels rent wherin enwrappèd been
The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrowen,
The tapets torne and every bloom down blowne.

THOMAS SACKVILLE
A Mirrour of Magistrates

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Would that it were possible for the heart and mind to enter into *all* the life that glows and teems upon the earth—to feel with it, hope with it, sorrow with it—and thereby to become a grander, nobler being.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
Nature Thoughts

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when snow-white the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
The House Beautiful

XII
DECEMBER

DECEMBER

DECEMBER FIRST

LAST of all the shrunk December
Cowled for age in ashen gray;
Fading like a fading ember,—
Last of all the shrunk December.
Him regarding, men remember
Life and joy must pass away.

AUSTIN DOBSON
Masque of the Months

DECEMBER SECOND

Here now is Winter. Winter, after all,
Is not so drear as was my boding dream,
While autumn gleamed its latest watery gleam
On sapless foliage too inert to fall.
Still leaves and berries clothe my garden wall
Where ivy thrives on scantiest sunny beam,
Still here a bud and there a blossom seem
Hopeful, and robin still is musical.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
Later Life

DECEMBER THIRD

In December, when the dayes draw to be short,
After November, when the nights wax noysome
and long.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY

DECEMBER FOURTH

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

ROBERT BURNS
Up in the Morning Early

DECEMBER FIFTH

Last of all, December,
The year's sands nearly run,
Speeds on the shortest day,
Curtails the sun;
With its bleak raw wind
Lays the last leaves low,
Brings back the nightly frosts,
Brings back the snow.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
A Year's Windfalls

DECEMBER SIXTH

If the mind loves solitude it has therefore acquired a loftier character, and it becomes still more noble when the taste is indulged in.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT

EVERGREENS IN WINTER P. 148

DECEMBER SEVENTH

The twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl. By each of our months we enter upon a distinct and beautiful revelation of this world, which was meant to be the City of the Living God. The gateways that let in the cool of the north, the balm of the south, the glow of the east, and the tenderness of the west,—winter, spring, summer, autumn,—each brings earth its own peculiar charm.

LUCY LARCOM

DECEMBER EIGHTH

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

JOHN MILTON

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan,
O mighty Love. Man is one world and hath
Another to attend him.

GEORGE HERBERT
Man

DECEMBER NINTH

Nay, no closed doors for me,
But open doors and open hearts and glee
To welcome young and old.
Dimmest and brightest month am I—

My shortest days end, my lengthening days begin;
What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
The Months

DECEMBER TENTH

A white flake here and there—a snow lily
Of last night's frost—our naked flower-beds hold,
And for a rose-flower on the darkling mould
The hungry redbreast gleams, no bloom, no bee.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year!

WILLIAM COWPER
The Winter Evening

He giveth his snow like wool.

THE PSALMS

DECEMBER TWELFTH

My whiteness shadoweth Him who is most fair,
All spotless; yea, my whiteness which I wear
Exalts His Purity beyond compare.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
All Thy Works Praise Thee

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

I make the unstable stable, binding fast
The world of waters prone to ripple past;
Thus praise I God, whose mercies I forecast.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
All Thy Works Praise Thee

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

Besides, I heard enough to show
Their love is proof against the snow.
"Why wait," he said, "why wait for May,
When love can warm a winter's day?"

AUSTIN DOBSON
Vignettes in Rhyme

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue lipped, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heaped
hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great armed chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth.

ROBERT SOUTHEY
Sonnet xv

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Now, when the winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the Baltic Ocean,
To glace the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise
And brightened every object to my eyes;
For every shrub and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.

AMBROSE PHILLIPS
Epistle to the Earl of Dorset

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

How joyously the lady bells
Shout through the bluff north breeze;
Loudly his boisterous bugle swells.
And though the brooklets freeze,
How fair the leafless hawthorn-tree
Waves with its hoar-frost tracery!
While sun-smiles throw o'er stalks and stems
Sparkles so far transcending gems,
The bard would gloze who said their sheen
Did not out-diamond
All brightest gauds that man hath seen,
Worn by earth's proudest king or queen,
In pomp and grandeur throned.

THOMAS COOPER

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,
An unquelled exile from the summer's throne,
Whose plain, uncinctured front more kingly shows,
Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown.

His boughs make music of the winter air,
Jewelled with sleet, like some cathedral front
Where clinging snow-flakes with quaint art repair
The dints and furrows of time's envious brunt.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
The Oak

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Now to the utmost southern goal
The sun has traced his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bless the north with earlier day.

MARK AKENSIDE
Ode for the Winter Solstice

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

In the month of December, when, naked and grim,
The tree-tops thrust at the snow-cloud gray,
And frozen tears fill the lids of day;
Then, in heavy teen, each breath between,
We sigh, "Would the winter were well away!"
Whatever the sun and the dial say,
This is the longest day.

EDITH THOMAS
The Winter Solstice

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

When up the garden walk in vain
We seek for Flora's lovely train,
When the sweet hawthorn bower is bare,
And bleak and cheerless is the air,
When all seems desolate around,
Christmas advances o'er the ground.

EDWIN LEES
Christmas and the New Year

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Hamlet

The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.

SIR WALTER SCOTT
Marmion

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Unfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth, bright sun, double the day.
Let no malignant, misty fume,
Nor foggy vapor once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight.

. . . . . .

Let not His birthday clouded be,
By whom thou shinest and we see.

CHARLES HARVEY
Christmas Day

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
A-keeping a Christmas holiday.

THOMAS H. BAYLEY
Songs

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.

JOHN KEATS
Fancy

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

In the bleak midwinter
  Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
  Water like a stone,
Snow had fallen, snow on snow.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
Christmas Carol

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE
Midwinter

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done;
Her plot has many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES
Emblems

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

December's sun is low; the year is old.

LUCY LARCOM

See here thy pictured life; pass some few years—
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

JAMES THOMSON
The Seasons

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

ALFRED TENNYSON
In Memoriam